

After the Fall

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After the Fall

by [FionaRex \(orphan_account\)](#).

Summary

UPDATE: This will be updated and the final chapter added tomorrow I think because I have the whole week off so yeah. Tomorrow.

This is an AU of the 2004 King Arthur film where Dagonet doesn't get shot full of arrows and needlessly killed and Lancelot is kind of a dick who likes to rape young pretty knights by the name of Galahad.

Also, Galahad and Tristan are lovers and Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham come into this story via reincarnation. So yeah...enjoy.

Notes

Like the summary says, this is an AU where everyone lives after the battle with the Saxons at the end of the film and Dagonet doesn't have to die.

This first chapter is really one big character study on Galahad and will touch on the future, i.e. his and Tristan's reincarnations. So, yeah. The first chapter is essential to start it off, bear with me. The second chapter gets better. I promise.

So this is a product of a really bored mind. Enjoy. Leave comments and Kudos if you want. Constructive criticism is always welcome.

The Fallout

The emotional fallout from the battle had hit Galahad harder than he thought it would. While the knight was younger than his companions and had a home and family to remember, he had killed his fair share of men and had thought it would be something he could look away from, something he could forget.

Tristan had killed over a thousand men, the people whispered, and Galahad had been there to see his fair share meet their grisly end by his hands but Tristan never seemed affected by it. He could shake off the look in their eyes, the screams of terror in their voices, and the warm blood in their veins, the blood that always ended up on him, all over him. He could shake off the taste of the blood in his mouth when he got too close or the feel of the bodies going limp in his strong hands. He could forget their last words and he could move on, almost as if it had never happened. To Galahad, Sir Tristan was a man born to fight, born to kill.

Some men could separate themselves from their conscience so thoroughly, so completely that they would never have to live with the guilt of a life taken. Gawain could do it. When he killed he was an animal, much like Bors, and they had battle cries and the fire in their blood and the frenzy in their eyes. They would shut out the world and fade so easily into survival that Galahad sometimes wondered if he could ever do it, ever just disregard the pain of taking another human life and smile in the next moment, blood still smeared upon his cheek and a gash above his brow. That is how he saw Gawain after their first battle.

Galahad was just a child, younger than all the rest of them, weaving through the chaos and slashing out where he could reach. It was a small fight but to a young child it was a trauma that never truly left him. Gawain was there to save him. Only a few years older than Galahad and he had already taken so many lives, not nearly as many as Tristan who preferred to stay quiet about his count, but Gawain was there, nevertheless, to save the boy's life that day. Afterwards, Galahad remembered how angry Arthur was, screaming at the Roman commander who sent them into the battle. Arthur specifically pointed to Galahad and, without looking at him, asked if he was injured. Galahad was forced to lift his sleeve and show them the small, but deep wound there on his forearm. Arthur didn't have to look. He already knew. There was a wrath unlike any Galahad had ever before seen in his eyes, something that told him to let Arthur deal with the Roman commander and to leave it alone. Gawain had pulled Galahad away and taken to joining Tristan at his table. Tristan, who was quiet and disassociated himself from the others. Tristan, who Galahad believed had no heart because he never smiled except when Bors or Dagonet were around or he found himself faced with a challenge against a worthy opponent.

After that day something had changed and Galahad noticed a change in his fellow knights, although he could hardly call himself a knight yet. Everyone who met the knights spared Galahad a second glance, one that whispered their doubt and exhibited their fears. For one so small, could Galahad really be a warrior worthy of the title of a knight of the round table? That was the very thought on Galahad's mind, as well. He doubted himself every waking moment and it was the encouragement, subtle at best, that he received from Tristan that urged him on. He endured for the look he caught in Tristan's eyes when he was sparring or learning

under Bors or Dagonet how to best survive in the wild. For Galahad, it was an everyday routine to try and prove himself worthy to the others. He had to prove to them that no matter how small and weak he was he could become strong.

Eventually he proved himself and surpassed even Sir Lancelot in some areas. Granted, Lancelot fought with two swords and Galahad with one, but even Galahad had developed his own style. He was a good archer, one of the best, though he more often used his favored sword for battle. It was a silver longsword given to him by his mother upon his leaving years before. There was a single emerald in the blade, right along the middle, with intricate, gold lettering in the native tongue. It was the song of his family. This was the sword he used in battle and it was his most prized possession. The sword had taken many lives in his father's hands, and then his father before him. It had been passed down through the years and Galahad would not go to battle without it. His family had called the sword Fiontan which was, in their native tongue, ancient white fire. It was the only thing he still had left from his family to remember them until he could go free and return to them one day.

Since the day he killed his first, he had strived to be just like Tristan, a man he thought of as a wise warrior, fierce and deadly. Galahad had thought that he could see Tristan as his fighting companion one day, like Bors was with Dagonet or Arthur with Lancelot. Galahad already had that with Gawain but something drew him to Tristan, something he could not defy.

And so Galahad let himself be drawn and led, like a lamb to the slaughter, and eventually into Tristan's bed. But even the love of the warrior Galahad had prided himself on winning the heart of could not tame the battle of the tempest that raged on in his head, the one behind closed eyes. Even the love of the legendary Tristan could not cast the fear from the younger warrior. The nightmares Galahad was forced to submit to, these visions of Tristan in another man's body. A dead face staring back at him, in strange clothes and in an even stranger land. A land with no name for Galahad. He could not control the fear that rose up in his heart when he saw Tristan, or the man that looked like him, without his markings, in a foreign room with a man who looked the same as Galahad himself. But there was madness there and when Galahad awoke screaming from the nightmare and the blood and the death in a cold sweat and Tristan was there to lovingly brush the hair from his face and whisper reassurances to his lover, all Galahad could see was the dead man. And all he could hear were the words he could not understand.

"Welcome home, Will."

After the Battle

Chapter Summary

This is after the Saxon battle at the end of the King Arthur film so there will be a celebration and a couple of different story lines in here and a tiny bit of celebratory smut. Also, the darker side of Lancelot comes out so yeah. Focusing again on the psychological side of things. Because apparently I write medieval psychopath really well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After the battle, Galahad, though strong as he was, was overcome with emotion he could not explain to Tristan or anyone else, though he found that he did not have to explain it to Tristan. Gawain had tried to offer what little comfort he could to the younger warrior but to no avail. Galahad had never come that close to death before, he had never felt the fear before as he did now.

He had faced down Cerdic by himself for a good long while, narrowly avoiding the sting of his blade and lashing out when he was presented with an open opportunity without presenting himself, just as Bors had taught him, and yet when Cerdic's own men began to drop left and right Galahad had done the one thing Dagonet warned him not to: he got arrogant. Thinking he saw an opening, Galahad took his chances and lunged at Cerdic, only to be cut down with a sharp thrust to the hip and he was instantly on his feet. His hearing had faded out to nothing more than his breathing and the tight hitch in his chest, the helplessness he had fought so hard to overcome. He had resigned himself to death at the last second, hearing rather more than seeing, the blade quickly descending upon his neck, closing his eyes against the impending doom as he clutched the deep wound in his hip, when he heard the sharp ringing of steel against steel just inches from his ear. He twitched at the sound and collapsed to the ground, opening his eyes long enough to see Lancelot viciously attacking Cerdic. With that last image behind his eyes, Galahad once again let them slip closed and darkness descended.

When he awoke the first thing he saw were the two bodies of father and son, Cerdic and Cynric, piled next to him. He jerked away and with that motion he felt a sharp pain shooting through him like none he had ever felt, releasing an animalistic scream of agony. Breathing in heavily despite the pain, he trailed a hand down his stomach to his hip and felt the large, open gash, still bleeding though not as much. He hissed when the tip of his finger made contact with the torn skin and tissue. Then he noticed the battle, or lack thereof. There were Roman soldiers trailing around the battle field turning bodies over and searching them, counting their own dead as well as the invaders.

Galahad was about to lay his head back down when he heard a familiar sound and turned to see his fellow knights running to him. They gathered in a semi circle around him just as Arthur reached their ranks, Guinevere at his side in her Woad attire.

"Galahad, we feared for you. Lancelot says you passed out when he came upon Cerdic. Are you alright? That wound looks pretty bad." Gawain said, kneeling next to his young friend and reaching a hand out to touch the gash on his hip. Galahad, though briefly shocked, regained his composure and smacked Gawain's hand away. He stumbled up, fighting with every fiber of his being not to scream like he had before, and was only able to stand by the grace of Tristan's hand supporting him.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine. Leave me alone, I'm fine." He said, waving off all the concerned faces surrounding him, disregarding the cold sweat he had broken into or the fever that suddenly hit him or even his labored breathing. In the midst of the battle field, the smell of the death and the overwhelming blood, Galahad found that he could no longer stand on his own and so when the darkness once again blanketed him, he was there to fall into Tristan's arms, limp and lifeless, as Tristan picked him up and swung him gently over his shoulder, careful to avoid resting his injured hip on his shoulder, and they took him off to the bishop's quarters, where there would be a healer.

Three weeks after the battle, a celebration was held to honor the lives of the lost and to honor the victory of those defended and protected, those saved by the deeds of King Arthur and his brave knights true. Venora had served all the ale and still the need for more had arose and Bors was there to help provide. Arthur and Guinevere sat by with Gawain, who had now found a new female companion to irritate, and Dagonet, Lucan on his lap and asking questions about his ring. Dag had taken the boy in after they left the home of Marius Honorius and Lucan had looked to Dagonet like he was his father, which he really was now that Lucan had no one else.

Lancelot got himself drunk enough to make a pass at Guinevere and when she pulled him aside and held a knife to his throat, telling him that this is what would happen to him should he ever try to take advantage of her again, he stormed off in a fit of rage, ignoring the oblivious gazes of Bors and Venora, who was trying to keep three of the eleven children she had with Bors from clinging to her legs while trying to serve ale to demanding patrons.

Lancelot found himself wandering near the stables and he threw himself down on a pile of hay next to his own horse, so wound up in his rage that he nearly missed the sounds a little farther down in the stables. He bolted up and strained to see in the dark. There were torches but he could still only faintly see in the black night. He moved to one of the stalls further down, toward the far side nearest the square where the raucous celebrations were taking place and he saw it then in the dark.

Tristan and Galahad, Galahad naked and Tristan still fully clothed with one exception. He had his trousers around his knees and he was thrusting into Galahad from behind, having Galahad bent over one of the benches outside of one of the stalls, Galahad's considering it was his white horse Lancelot could see standing next to them.

Tristan was leaning in close and whispering something to Galahad, words of reassurance, probably, as he snapped his hips into his lover and ran his hands appreciatively up and down

Galahad's bare torso and thighs. Their breathing was heavy and Lancelot thought they both might be close to their completion as Galahad had dropped his head in total submission to the strong scout and had let out a low groan, the hand that wasn't holding him up on the bench reaching back to grasp at Tristan's hip. That's when Lancelot realized that Tristan had his own hand on Galahad's hip possessively, the long, jagged scar visible even on the darkest of nights, the dark red still marring perfect, pale skin. Galahad's head shot up as he released, gasping Tristan's name out into the dark like it was something to be worshipped and Tristan followed seconds later, leaning into Galahad's back and kissing along his spine. They stood there a few moments and gathered themselves. Lancelot formed a plan. If he could not have Guinevere, then surely he would take the next best thing and he would have Galahad. He left with this idea in his mind, unaware of the watchful eyes of a dear friend from just outside the stables, hidden under the moonless night.

"Galahad, I love you, and you must understand that is not something I give easily. Please just know this. That I understand if you do not wish to trust me with everything, as I will not with you, and I wouldn't expect it any other way but if there is something you fear then perhaps you should tell me. It seems to me, that if there is a bad taste in your mouth, you spit it out. You don't constantly swallow it back. Do you understand, Galahad?" Tristan asked later that night, when they were wrapped comfortably around each other in Tristan's bed chambers. They had been asleep for a few hours when Galahad had woken Tristan screaming and in another cold sweat, the same images dancing behind his eyes of the dead man wearing Tristan's face and the weak one suffering with madness wearing Galahad's.

"It's just...it's just a dream I've always had. A strange one. Since I was a child. My mother used to sing me to sleep to make it stop and it would work. At least, until it happened again. I dream that I am in another land, a strange one, maybe in a different time. Well, it may not be me, perhaps. There is this strange man who wears my face but he is mad. He does not see things clearly and he's crying out for help and there is no one to help. There is also another man. He wears your face but he is always dead inside. He frightens me. He likes the taste of blood and he kills so easily yet he loves the one who wears my face. He calls him Will. The one who frightens me is called Hannibal. He looks like you. But he is nothing like you. you are so...passionate. There is so much life to you under all the shadow and mystery but this man. It's like he has known a thousand lives of pain and all he wants to take Will away from the world and just hold him but kill and destroy him at the same time." Galahad avoided Tristan's eyes but stared at the small opening in the wooden roof, forlorn that there were no stars to see tonight.

"Why, if he loves this Will so much, would he have any desire to destroy him?" Tristan asked, keeping his gaze at the moonless sky, as well.

"I feel as though he loves Will so much that he wishes to destroy him to keep Will to himself, to protect him from the world. Its like he has to hurt him to protect him."

"Yes, love, but why would he need to hurt the one he loves?"

"Maybe it is because others have forced him to. Do you remember that time when Bors told Lancelot to hit me with the sword? To see if I could take it and learn to fight back because I was so scared?" Tristan nodded solemnly. He remembers that day all too well.

"Well, I feel as though it is much like that. You offered to teach me instead of Lancelot because you did not want him to hurt me. So you hurt me instead, to teach me, to guide me, to encourage me."

"For that, I am truly sorry. I never should have-"

"It was *your* encouragement that taught me to endure, Tristan. It was *your* encouragement that allowed me to surpass Lancelot in speed and agility. He can never be as fast or as nimble as myself because I fought and trained to exceed him. And I did. But only at your encouragement."

"So, what you're saying is that this man, the one who looks like me, this *Hannibal*, feels that he must hurt his beloved in order to protect him from *being* hurt by anyone else. He must train him to be like him and think like him?" There is a moment of hesitation for Galahad.

"Yes. I think that is what he is doing in my dream. But it always ends the same way and it hurts." Galahad couldn't keep the sob out of his voice. His heart was slowly breaking the more he thought about it for he could see the truth behind the lovers in his dreams and the relationship he had with Tristan, though Tristan had never tried to destroy him.

"How does it hurt?" Tristan asked.

The man who looks like you, Hannibal, he destroys Will so he has nothing left to live for. Will takes his own life. Hannibal's heart breaks and he tries to take his own life, as well, and then Will shows up. He shows up in front of Hannibal and he tells him that despite all the hurt and the lies and the madness, he still loves Hannibal. And then Hannibal smiles and says 'welcome home, Will.' And then it's over. That's it." Galahad had silent tears streaming down the sides of his face, past his temples and into the shaggy brown hair Tristan loved to run his fingers through, though he would never admit to that. Tristan thought for a long moment and finally understood the extent of Galahad's grief.

"I will never leave you, Galahad. I love you and you have my heart. I promise that, if I can help it, I will never leave you." He said and leaned down to press a kiss into Galahad's hair. The younger warrior smiled and closed his eyes in exhaustion.

"I love you, too." He whispered as he fell asleep, Tristan following after.

The dream, as always, was there, only this time it wasn't such a tragic ending.

"Welcome home, Will. I'm Sorry."

Chapter End Notes

By the way, if anyone notices me spelling Gawain differently, like Gawain vs. Gawaine, just understand that it's because it's a variant spelling and I accidentally bounce between

the two so yeah. Sorry about that.

Also, fun little challenge. There is something that Tristan says in here that is actually a direct quote from another movie. Anyone got it, that would be awesome and you totally win. Win, like, a prompt? or something. But, anywho, yeah, it's really fun to try and figure out.

So, guess the quote, guess the character, and guess the movie. That'll be fun, right?

Lancelot's Acting A Bit Strange

Chapter Summary

Finally...a tiny update. It will be short because I have to go to work in an hour so yeah. But here we have a short, character study of Tristan. Also will include some twitchy Lancelot. I hope you enjoy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The early morning sun rose peacefully slow over the small fortress, the sky cloudless, as Arthur and his knights engaged in a day of hard training. It was his philosophy that they should not be let to mingle and dismiss their training any day as they began to become complacent when they did. They were all gathered around the training ring, save for three of them. Gawain had gone to look for Tristan and Galahad, who were likely still in bed at this hour. It was too early since their previous night's activities. It had been three days since the celebration, since their discussion in the stables, since the unaware company of Lancelot, and they had been in bed, making love, reaffirming life, through it all.

As such, Gawain found them both in bed now, naked, awake, lying in each other's arms. He did not want to disturb so he simply made his way back to Arthur and made up an excuse.

"Like that?" Tristan asked, thrusting shallowly into Galahad as the younger knight tightened his knees around Tristan's hips. Galahad moaned softly and leaned his head back.

"Yes. Tristan, please." He pleaded. Tristan rolled his hips anew and picked up his pace, leaning down to suck on his lover's collarbone. Galahad had been awoken from another dream, the same one he'd had since childhood. Tristan was there, of course, to hold him and comfort him but Galahad was stubborn and Tristan was still not entirely familiar with the meaning of the word comfort. All he could offer was his body, his warmth, and his love. But he had no magnificent words like that of the scholars or the poets. So he simply held Galahad, who had then demanded that Tristan take him instead. That was something that he could do. So he had draped his body over Galahad's and taken him apart, little by little, until Galahad was clutching the sheets for dear life and begging Tristan to finish him. It was with this in mind that Tristan gave a particularly hard thrust, ignoring Galahad's grunt of surprise, and sucked Galahad's tongue into his own mouth, gripping his fingers into the younger man's hair as they both came apart.

After, they both lay there panting and it was Galahad who moved first. Quite a surprise, really, when one considered that Galahad was always the lazier of the two and Tristan was up at the crack of dawn like the hawk that shared his shoulder.

Once they both arrived at the training ring, one look at Arthur's face told them he was most certainly not amused. It took them all of fifteen seconds before he subjected the both of them to the hardest training session of their lives, letting all of his anger and frustration out over the last few *years* they'd had to endure. That was enough to exhaust not just Galahad but Tristan, as well. Tristan, the quiet, tough soldier no one could defeat.

Galahad and Tristan knew almost everything about each other and, yet, there were things that Tristan had never dared to tell Galahad, like how he killed his first and who she was or what happened the morning the centurions came to take him back to the fortress. He had never told Galahad about the rush of the thrill of fighting he would get any time he drew his sword rather than the regret Galahad felt when he drew his. He never told him about the guilty enjoyment he got out of cutting each enemy down, a life for all the anger he had, or how he sometimes wondered what they would taste like, the blood and the meat. But he never told Galahad any of this because those thoughts were, of course, unusual and Tristan was a very intelligent man, he knew that. He knew that most people didn't wonder what it was like to devour human flesh and meat or that most people didn't feel an overwhelming desire to drink the blood of their fallen victims.

The only reason Tristan hadn't told Galahad any of this yet, for he knew that Galahad thought some of these same things, as well, was because he was afraid that his young lover would see the similarities between Tristan and this *Hannibal* and he would cast Tristan away in terror. He was afraid Galahad would leave him and never look at him the same way again. So, for now he suppressed the strange urges and told Galahad nothing of it, just as Galahad had told him nothing of his own desires. Some things were best left unsaid, as Bors had once told them.

It wasn't until after Arthur had mercifully called an end to their training that night that Tristan truly allowed himself to think of the lingering looks in Lancelot's eyes, the way he had stared at Galahad as if he had found The Holy Grail, an artifact the church had apparently been trying to find, and how it had set him off just the slightest. He had pushed the thoughts away that if he could just show Lancelot, somehow prove to him that Tristan was able to keep watch over what was his, then perhaps Lancelot wouldn't be so bold in public. He knew what the look meant and he knew why Lancelot had been avoiding Guinevere and Arthur as of late, so it did not surprise him that the knight had turned his gaze on Galahad. Often, in the fortress, it was known that if one could not have the prettiest woman, and Venora was always out of the question, then one would have the most handsome man, which happened to be Galahad. Tristan was no stranger to desire and, as such, he would do anything to protect his lover, even if it meant he had to give in to one or more of his desires and unleash them on Lancelot, if he must. After all, Lancelot could not just go around claiming everyone else's lover as if he owned everything. Eventually, Arthur would find out and, as they said, his wrath was most certainly one to be avoided.

For now, Tristan would wrap himself around Galahad's body and make love to him all over again, lay his claim on Galahad and show Lancelot, whom he was full aware of outside his and Galahad's window, just who the youngest knight belonged to. And if Galahad woke up again from his dream, whispering the words Tristan didn't need to ask about, and attached himself to Tristan like he was his very life source, then Tristan figured he didn't need to reassert his place in Galahad's life.

"Welcome home, Will. I love you."

Chapter End Notes

Okay okay...done with the cliché "Welcome home, Will's". That's it. The last one, I promise. I just had to have a definitive way of ending the chapter. Now...I am going to go work with children all day and hopefully teach them some new words. Hopefully they can master "dude" and "waddup" today. Here's to hoping.

The Rape of Galahad

Chapter Summary

Ta-Da!!! Finally an update. Also, pretty friggin self-explanatory chapter. This is the last one before the will and hannibal kicks in. Major Character Death in the next chapter, guys. But beyond the reincarnation there isn't so yeah. Just relax.

Also, the rape is backstage, it's only mentioned, and this is a short chapter bc I'm also updating a game of thrones fic right now, as well. So, yeah. The rape mentioning starts right in and it's only brief. The actual description will start on the next chapter. And you don't get Galahad in this chapter, but the next one. SORRY if it seems rushed, again, Game of Thrones fic. Let me know if there is anything that seems rushed or out of place and I will go back and edit it.

As such, I hope you enjoy and kudos and comments, especially comments, help make the stories go on.

It was the first day of winter and the snow had barely frosted the ground. There were no birds to sing songs in the early morning hours, or the sound of children playing in the courtyard. There was not the sound of streams near the fortress nor the traffic of carriages as supplies or new guests arrived.

It was an eerie morning to Tristan as he awoke, far too quiet for his liking and Galahad was nowhere to be found. That wasn't strange to him. Oftentimes the younger man would escape while the sun was still hidden beneath the horizon and make his way to the graves of their fallen comrades. He just shifted and stretched in bed and thanked the gods that were for the heavy furs Galahad had insisted upon bringing from Venora's personal supply. Bors was warm enough for her, anyways.

After Tristan had bathed and made his way to the kitchens where Venora was preparing breakfast for the soldiers, he finally heard word of Galahad in the form of Arthur screaming from outside the building. Sighing in exasperation, Tristan made his way out along with a bewildered Gawaine and an exhausted Dagonet to the courtyard to see Lancelot laying on the ground, in the frozen mud screaming all manner of profanities at his leader.

Tristan's first reaction was to start toward his fellow knight and help him up until he felt heavy, rough hands press against his shoulder and hold him back. He looked over his shoulder to see Bors, a grim look on his face.

"Ye may not want to help him up once ye've heard what he's done, lad. Just let him go." he said. There was some darkness to his words, something sinister Tristan couldn't figure out

that he felt he should have known but his attention was back on Arthur and Lancelot when he heard a muffled scream. Arthur had kicked Lancelot in anger and began shouting at him.

"What did you think you were doing, Lancelot? Was it not enough for you that you had to lust after Guinevere but to go after Galahad now? What did you think I was going to do when I found out? To lay your hands on another like that, and a fellow knight no less, is an unforgivable crime. I care not for our brother bond, whatever you have done today has all but destroyed that bond. You will be punished accordingly and I do not expect your punishment to be an easy one. Such are the consequences for laying your hands on a fellow knight, for *defiling* them, against their will." Arthur looked to Bors, ignoring Tristan completely until he strode over to the knight in three good steps, leaning in to whisper in his ear as Bors and the other knights bound Lancelot and dragged him off to the cells.

"I would not advise that you seek after him, Tristan, but if you are curious you should visit Galahad at the sanctuary. He is...he needs you." Arthur said cryptically, flashing Tristan an apologetic glance before heading after Bors. Tristan stared at the ground as the full meaning of Arthur's words hit him. '*Defiling them against their will.*' When it dawned on him, he fell to the ground screaming in rage, his heart shattering when he finally understood the meaning behind Galahad's absence this morning. There was no grave visit. There was no early morning ride. For Galahad, there was only pain and agony. Someone he trusted used him and hurt him and raped him and that was why he was not there. While Tristan had been convinced that his lover was fine, his lover was simply visiting the graves, his lover didn't need him, Galahad had been raped and beaten and abused by one he trusted, one he called *friend*, *brother*, even. And this was why, the first chance he got, Tristan would see to Lancelot's death. This was, as Arthur said, a crime beyond the brotherhood bond of knights. This was an assault, an affront to his lover and that meant more to him than the bond he shared with Lancelot.

There was a part of him, as he stood and headed for the small church, that told him the only thing that would satisfy his anger was the death of Lancelot. And yet, there was something else there, too. Perhaps the death of Galahad would save him from the agony, the pain of living in a world where he is no longer his own, where he cannot say that he protected his virtue above all else because he was not able to. This part, the part that told him the only way to save Galahad is to kill him, was the very thing that convinced Tristan that, perhaps, a little change in the ranks *was* needed, but not just with Galahad. Perhaps he and his lover should go away for a while, just to see what the other side was like. Perhaps it was best if Lancelot's life was forfeited, and Tristan and Galahad followed him, together.

Perhaps.

The Triple Execution

Chapter Summary

This is it, folks. The last chapter in the King Arthur universe. The next one will be all hannibal and will.

So, here comes the major character death, just saying.

As always, kudos and comments are always appreciated.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tristan sat next to the bed, gazing down at his wounded lover with the anger and seething vengeance just under his skin. He was at loath to stay here any longer and let that wretched man breath the shared air of Galahad but there was little he could do given the vice-like grip his lover had on his arm.

"I went to visit Agravaine, Tristan. I went to visit Agravaine and Lancelot was there. He said that we didn't belong here, that the Holy Roman Church didn't deserve our services, that we'd whored ourselves out long enough. He started going on about Guinevere and how she should have been his and that if he couldn't have her then he would take one for himself. H-he attacked me and then he...it doesn't matter, really. He just lost it. He's gone mad and he says we don't belong here." Galahad said, a trace of fear in his eyes. Tristan reached out to comfort him, the way he was conditioned to from all the cold, lonely nights spent wrapped in the sheets, flushed skin pressed against flushed skin.

Tristan tangled his fingers in Galahad's hair, smiling sadly at his lover as the younger man stared up at the ceiling and sighed.

"I thought of taking my own life but the death it would bring could only be bitter if not for you with me. I would rather have the goodness of this life with me at the end as it was throughout and the only way for it is if we died together." Tristan's fingers stuttered in their movements and Galahad must have noticed for he turned to face Tristan, the concern evident in his eyes.

"You would do this with me? And what of Lancelot?" Tristan asked. Galahad smiled miserably and even then it warmed Tristan's heart.

"To be with you, my love, would be enough for me." he said in a moment of unrestrained passion. Tristan had never heard Galahad speak in such a way and it was then and there that he made up his mind once and for all.

"You just stay here, my dear one. I'll be back later to see how you are doing but try and go to sleep for me, alright?" he asked. Galahad nodded tiredly and turned his face into the pillow, breathing in deeply as he settled down for the day. Tristan, on the other hand, had a plan.

It is the whole day before Tristan can act out his plan and, when later on at the communal feast, Tristan makes his escape as Bors and Venora are busy with each other and Arthur and the rest of the knights are playing a game of marksmanship. Gawain is besting all of them and it is the sweet, warm sound of his laughter that Tristan finds he will miss the most. He makes his way to the cells where Lancelot lays asleep on the cold, damp floor, restless and curled into himself, and pulls out his hunting knife. It does not strike him that this is rather sudden or that perhaps any one of the knights, or even Venora herself, will notice Tristan's absence and alert Arthur but Tristan knows that he must be quick about all this. He bribes the guard easily enough, the man had just gotten back from a patrol earlier in the evening and had been kept busy, oblivious to the news of the day's events. It did strike him as odd that one of Arthur's very own Sarmatian knights was in the cell but he chalked it up to disorderly and drunken behavior, training from the leader of the knights in question. He moved on to the feast as Tristan said he would take over from here and Tristan found the cell key quick enough, slipping into the small space to lean down over Lancelot's prone body.

It was the mere moment before death, before the knife sunk into his heart, that Lancelot chose to open his eyes and the next was an agonizing silent scream as he was met with a swift end, neither justified nor prevented. The death of Lancelot had come far too easily and Tristan found that it did not satisfy him still. As such, it was when he was sure of Lancelot's death that he snuck out the back of the cells and came to the church where Galahad lay in peaceful sleep, despite the previous trauma of the day.

Tristan stared down at his lover, amazed at the gift this life had given him, and found it difficult to take something so precious away from the men he had trusted and called brothers. It was Galahad's own words, however, that had coerced Tristan, unbeknownst to Galahad, into such an action.

Tristan leaned down and placed a kiss on soft lips, taking the bloodied knife and cleaning it on the sheets, not wanting to defile his beloved with the blood of a traitor any more than the younger man had been, and moved the thick tunic out of the way, bringing the knife into the pale, flawless skin and ending his life before he was even aware. He saw the momentary twitch and the subtle struggle of the body as Galahad bled out and faded. It was then that he decided that he must go, as well. He knew that he should not leave Galahad alone where ever the younger man was going and so he turned the knife on himself just as he heard voices down the hall from Galahad's chamber. He brought the knife to his own heart before the door burst open, he had fallen to the ground, dead, before the door had burst open, he had seen a whole new world and faded from this one before the door ever burst open, and the men he once called dear friends found the two lovers dead in their own blood, cold and lifeless.

It was the next day that would bear the heaviest on the remaining knights, having to bury Tristan and Galahad together under the large tree outside the fort, the same tree the rebel scout had been shot from during the battle with the Saxons. The memories were the most painful for the men.

Bors and Dagonet remembered the close bond they shared with Tristan, trying in vain to always drink the man under the table. They remembered when Galahad had first arrived, a small boy of no real substance, curious and wild haired and adventurous, bright eyed and too nosy for his own good, always getting into trouble and trying to prove himself. It was, therefore, with great sadness that the knights buried the two lovers together and burned the body of one Lancelot, sending the ashes away to be buried in a far, green country, separated from the lovers he scorned before his death. It was the most painful thing Arthur had ever had to do and he whiled this day away with a heavy heart.

Gawaine, on the other hand, felt a slight sliver of hope, for he knew what his brothers believed. He felt that perhaps Galahad and Tristan had moved on to a better place, a place where they could be together without the interruption of someone they called friend, a place where they did not have to fear for their lives, a place where they were not seen on the outside and treated as second rate citizens. Gawaine had hope, he felt, he really believed, that the two men were far better off in a better off world.

TBC.....

Chapter End Notes

The reason it says TBC is because it was supposed to jump right into the Hannibal universe present day but there was a bit of a complication so....very soon there will be an update. Promise. Sorry about the depression of this chapter. I promise it gets right into the Will/Hannibal fun of the next one, alright?

Again: comments and kudos keep the story coming, but mostly comments. I love social interaction with my readers as long as it isn't hate, right?

Constructive criticism and corrections are always welcome, as well, any way I can improve the story.
And thanks for reading.

The Devil Is In the Details

Chapter Summary

Part two of The Triple Execution, this is the Will/Hannibal part.

This is all slightly AU because the series is hard to follow when your brain is fried.

So, let me know what you think, yeah?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will Graham had lived his entire life in a different world than everyone else. He was an awkward child, quiet and prone to tantrums often, fits of a different kind. He would be happy in one moment, screaming in agony the next, lost and confused. His parents hardly had the time for him and his peers looked on in mild fascination before getting back to the moment.

His mother always said he'd grow up faster than the other kids, not in body but in mind. He would linger away from the other children at parties, wonder about things others hardly gave thought to, ask questions no one else considered.

Will Graham had, from a very early age, taken his first step into madness, when he pondered aloud if he should, perhaps, have been born and lived in another time. He saw swords and arrows and stone forts in the wilderness. He saw the flames of war in his dreams and heard the voice of a warrior from across a battlefield, littered with the bodies of the dead and the stench of spilled blood.

He always assumed this to be no more than vivid dreams and so discredited them when he earned his degree and began teaching at the FBI academy in Quantico, Virginia. He discredited these ideas as vivid dreams when his borderline insane gift of empathy landed him a special position with Jack Crawford that extended over an indefinite time.

The dreams of knights and war, however, grew stronger when he met Hannibal Lecter. The sounds of steel ringing against steel flared in his mind when Dr. Lecter spoke for the first time and Will found himself filled with a strange sense of longing and a warmth he had never felt in his life. Will found that he was...oddly content in the presence of Hannibal.

In short, he felt as if, in some other life, he had known Dr. Lecter by another name. Perhaps the images of Roman Centurions and Knights were memories rather than the product of delusional daydreams. He gave no more thought to this, however, as he continued to work with Hannibal and eventually grow, if possible, more intrigued by the mysterious man. It was when the older man sat Will down one day, posing an unusual question, one that he had never

heard before, that Will even *remembered* the daydreams he'd had at the beginning of his partnership with Jack Crawford.

"Will, do you believe in reincarnation?" Hannibal had asked. The first thing Will had seen in his mind's eye was himself, shaggier hair and no glasses, in leather armor with a sword at his hip. There was a man standing very close at his side in the vision, was, of course, none other than Hannibal, everything about him changed to fit the time save for his face, and Will had this momentary feeling of recognition spark in his chest before it faded and all he felt was the cold oppression of his difference. He shook his head, eyes downcast, and sighed in frustration.

"Very well. It was just a question. I simply wanted to hear your answer. Now, our dear Abigail awaits. Shall we?" Hannibal asked, though Will did not miss the subtle change in the man's eyes, the shadow that fell over him and disappeared before Will could make note of it.

Over time, Hannibal sold off his belongings and home in Maryland once he accepted a full time position with Jack Crawford's team and moved to Virginia, finding a luxurious penthouse condo near the academy. He had taken a sympathetic disposition towards one Abigail Hobbs, the daughter of Garrett Hobbs, one of the killers Will and Hannibal had been searching for. Taking her into his home, Hannibal then set his eyes on Will. It took longer than Hannibal would have liked but after a particularly rough case, he was able to get Will home to his bed, using the excuse that his was closer than Will's and Will was in no condition to be driving. He did nothing beyond putting Will to sleep.

The morning after, Will could not identify the feelings he had with waking in the strong arms of his colleague, fully clothed and unharmed albeit. It took a while but, as the two men grew closer, so did the tension. It was a full year before Will shut down enough to allow Hannibal to gently lead him into the man's bed, Abigail only the next room over.

With their relationship at the next level, Will and Hannibal were prone to learn the other's secrets, as well, and Hannibal had many to learn. Hannibal learned of Will's daydreams and prided himself on being the first to remember, if his theories were correct, that is. Will discovered Hannibal's deepest, darkest secret and found that he really was not surprised, after all. There had been a sense of foreboding with him all along and he had come to expect it, although it wasn't *what* he expected. What disturbed him the most was how easily he could accept the truth of Hannibal's nature and Abigail's involvement, as she later on pointed out herself. She even invented the term "Murder Family", as she and Hannibal had already crossed that rite of passage and now Will found them waiting for him.

It was another year and a half before Will was able to emotionally and mentally disassociate himself enough in order to take another life with such blatant purposefulness. He had opted for a single strike, a knife to the head, and afterwards he could not be consoled, in such a state of shock as he was. It took three days, with Abigail and Hannibal cleaning up his mess, before he could even emerge from the great room of the penthouse condo, prepared to face what he had done, taking the life of someone else's loved one.

Hannibal had already prepared the organs for the meal and Will fell into an easy rhythm, far too casual for his liking. He merely took a deep breath and accepted his mental depravity with what little self-control he could find in himself, forgetting his humanity and embracing

the basic, instinctive nature of his being. There was no dignity left, as far as he was concerned.

This became his life and he eventually stopped questioning it and started owning it, taking pride in the family he could call his own, the family he could say he belonged to. From here, Will Graham became a master of the art of murder, much like his husband. Indeed, they were married according to new law and then legally adopted Abigail as their own daughter. Jack stopped any investigation into this as he felt no suspicions towards the Lecter family, courtesy of Abigail's expertise in the area of manipulation, a subject she had learned from Dr. Lecter himself.

Hannibal owned his family as the man he was and found himself in complete control of the sensitive specialty he called Will. When he was unavailable, Will would answer to Abigail just as well. It became routine to assert his dominance over Will almost each night. For Hannibal, this was not about lust. No, this was about design, *his* design.

This was Hannibal Lecter's design.

Chapter End Notes

This was a pain to write so let me know what you think. I thrive on comments, especially because the interaction is what keeps the stories going, just saying.

So yeah....leave some stuff or whatever. Hope you enjoyed and I sincerely hope it was worth the shaky trudge through the previous crap chapters. I really hope so.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!